

THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.)
Published every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owner.
SWIFT, CHAMP, Editors and Owners.

A HUMAN LIFE.

A ship that throbs along in dire distress
Till lost in oceans of forgetfulness.
A tangle of sweet flowers, whose petals
Turn
To ash of unfulfillment in an urn.
A wisp of tangled threads, whose parted
ends
No deft hand joins, no endless effort mends.
A play whose fickle players merely greet
And go and leave the story incomplete.
A bud that opens brilliant at the dawn,
Flings sweet perfume a moment and is
gone.
A breath between a cradle and a bier,
The blending of a smile, a sob, a tear.
A book whose pages turn with each new
day
Till time has read the tale and cast away.
A mask worn till a passing play is done,
To cloak a wrath and hide a skeleton.
A lie, whose ghastly semblance is concealed
Till in a shroud its untruth lies revealed.
A thing that shapes the sod for a brief day
And dies and leaves its faithful slave mere
clay.
A story that is told ere 'tis begun,
A song that only whispers and is done.
A thing that chains the lightning and that
stirs
The deep—the elements its messengers.
Lord of the sea and sky, a ruler proud
That creaks at storms and trembles at a
cloud.
That comes and goes on wings unseen—
a germ
That grows to fill a grave and feed a worm.
—James Foley, Jr., in Bismarck Tribune.

Dobley's Secret Society

He is "High Wielder of the Sledge" at
the Hammer Club.

DOBLEY came in late in the evening
in a mood of exultant exuberance
that made his wife forget to look at
the clock and sigh as she usually did
when she had waited over long for his
coming. As he removed his coat she
noticed with some amazement that his
coat and waistcoat were wrong side
out and that various signs resembling
the printing on a Chinese laundry
ticket were inscribed upon his shirt
front.

Through long experience, however,
Mrs. Dobley had learned to be surprised
at nothing in the way of eccentricity
which might mark her husband's be-
havior or attire when he arrived home
late. She only raised her eyebrows
slightly and swept them questioning-
ly over his makeup, with just a suspicion
of amazement in her glance.

Mr. Dobley smiled a trifle apologetically.

"I have been installed to-night," he
said, "past master and high wielder
of the sledge in our new Lenten Ham-
mer club."

"Lenten Ham—," began Mrs. Dobley
in surprise.

"That's a fact—I didn't tell you about
it, my dear, did I? The fact is, Fresh-
ington and myself have had an idea for
some time in regard to the forming
of a powerful secret society. We felt
that, on certain lines, the club might be
made a marvelously strong organiza-
tion in the world of finance and in the
social world as well."

Mrs. Dobley's eyes again circled over
Dobley's disarranged attire and the hi-
eroglyphics upon his shirt bosom, as
though trying to connect them with
the lofty purpose of the new organiza-
tion. Following her glance, Mr. Dob-
ley observed the inscriptions and col-
ored slightly.

"Ah!" he said, "while I was blindfolded
I see the boys have given me the sym-
bolic brandings of our society!"

"I wonder if it will wash?" said Mrs.
Dobley, anxiously. "It is all crinkled
and damp."

"That is the result of the siphon
baptism," said Dobley, seriously, "one
of the most beautiful rites of our or-
der. It was Freshington's idea."

"You seem to be encouraging the
laundry industry," said Mrs. Dobley.
"I suppose that is why you employ
the signs the Chinamen use in their
wash lists?"

"It is not Chinese," said Dobley.
"It is the sign language of our or-
der. Each mark means a link of
brotherhood that we at once recog-
nize. In any quarter of the globe
these mystic characters bind the
members in loyalty. We considered it
safer and newer than a grip."

"And the reversing of your clothes,"
said Mrs. Dobley, "has that any mys-
tic significance?"

"Before the meeting begins," said
Dobley, "we all put our coats and
vests on wrong side out in order to
be secure from the intrusion of any-
one not in the ranks. It is a simple
method but absolutely safe."

"Why did you choose Lent as the
time to begin your club?" asked Mrs.
Dobley. "Isn't a high church af-
fair, I should judge?"

"The season of Lent," said Dobley,
"is the great club-forming season.
The sewing circle and the reading club
become rampant; the cooking class and
the Browning association flourish; the
golf club fever fairly sizzles at the win-
ter resorts. Then neither Freshington
nor myself has ever belonged to a se-
cret society. We felt that something
was lacking in our lives. We wore no
mystic badge; no ton-weight watch-
chain that identified us with the an-
cient order of anything—why, we had-
n't even a dinky little button that sig-
nified that we were sons of anything.
We weren't in it, and we agreed that it
gave a man a certain distinction to
wear these things that he could never
get any other way. Even a fire badge
gives a man an air of power. So we

day Freshington said: 'Dob, when
Lent comes around we will form a
great secret society.' Those were the
simple words, Mrs. Dobley, in which he
announced the beginning of what
promises to be the greatest thing that
ever happened."

"Has the society any object beyond
that of filling a gap in your life and in
Mr. Freshington's?" asked Mrs. Dob-
ley. "The name is somewhat confusing."

"The name," said Dobley, in a mys-
terious undertone, "is only to con-
ceal the true purpose of the club. It
indicates the process through which
the members of the club will pass in
order to fit themselves for the great
work in view. Each member of the
club in time will become a full-fledged
Yogi."

"A Yogi?" exclaimed Mrs. Dobley.

"What on earth is a Yogi?"

"Is it possible that you do not know
what a Yogi is?" said Dobley, commis-
eratingly. "A Yogi is a person in
whom the spirit is developed to such
an extent that he or she—for there are
female Yogis—can exercise a wonder-
ful power simply by willing things to
come to pass. By the time the mem-
bers of the Hammer club reach this
state we propose to encircle the earth
in a system of mind waves—by which
we will rule the world practically. In
other words we are going to apply
theosophic theories ordinary to every-
day life; to gradually advance from
the primer stage to a point where we
can project our minds on currents that
can be directed anywhere—and in this
way we can accomplish what we will.
Our power will be gigantic, but we will
only use it for the good of mankind."

"Is there any money in it?" asked
Mrs. Dobley.

"Money is not the main object," said
Dobley, "but money must inevitably
follow the enormous power which we
will have. Our knowledge of coming
events, for instance, will give us an in-
sight into the stock market that will
be practically invaluable. But this
must only be a side issue. Otherwise
we should stop short—we would have
limitations. Our spirits would be in
the chains. We aim to cultivate the
spirit to its highest point, and to for-
get our physical selves absolutely."

"How do you propose to accom-
plish that?" asked Mrs. Dobley.

"Simplest thing in the world," said
Mr. Dobley. "First, we give up all an-
imal food to a great extent and live
upon fruits and fish."

"It's a good thing you are so fond of
boiled lobsters, isn't it?" asked Mrs.
Dobley.

"It gets to be a mere detail," said
Dobley. "Food is unnecessary when
you reach the Yogi stage. Then this
forgetting the body is accomplished in
the simplest way. You begin in five-
second exercises—concentrating the
mind on nothing. To do this you at
first fix your mind on any small object,
a figure in the wall paper or in the car-
pet. This is the first lesson in abstrac-
tion. The North American Indians
had this down to such a fine point that
they could deaden the physical sense
of touch and so were able to sing while
they were undergoing torture."

"But I cannot see what the Hammer
club has to do with it," said Mrs. Dob-
ley. "It seems so far removed from
the occult things you intend to accom-
plish!"

"The Hammer club is a preparatory
state. It is the kindergarten in which
we are to develop our spirits. It is all
planned out on philosophic lines. We
fully realize that each person has some
pet hatred or grudge for some person,
institution, custom or nation. Not one
of us is free from some animus of some
kind that rankles in our souls and pre-
vents the expansion of the spirit. Human
nature inherits this peculiar ten-
dency. The tranquil, calm mind at
peace with the world, satisfied with
things and individuals as they are, does
not exist."

"The Hammer club offers its mem-
bers opportunity to unburden them-
selves on their pet hatreds. At each
meeting a member is allowed to make
a violent attack upon something—
some condition or political party or
social state of things. He can get
up and talk as long as he pleases; he
may even use violent language and
jump on the table—not one word is
said to discourage him or to cut him
short. All the corked-up spite which
he may have cherished for his lifetime
is poured out, and we only interrupt
by such expressions as 'Good!' 'That's
so!' 'You're right!' or other remarks
that will goad him to a frenzy in his
attack upon his bete noir!"

"Suppose you all don't agree with
him?" asked Mrs. Dobley.

"We are brothers, and for the time
being we do agree with him. We re-
alize that when he has said all he
wants to say his spirit will be calm
and serene and capable of accomplish-
ment. He will even feel kinder to the
subject that he has been attacking."

"It seems an odd sort of an idea,"
said Mrs. Dobley. "I think the spirit
would be better if disciplined than al-
lowed to run riot in that way."

"Our social lives are a constant dis-
cipline in this respect," said Mrs.
Dobley. "We cannot speak freely on
the subject of our strongest dislikes
because it is no longer admissible to
thunder out one's individual opinions.
This suppression is simply deadly.
Bubbling aggressiveness when bottled
becomes acidulated. If there were
more Hammer clubs there would be
fewer revolutions and no anarchists;
the bomb industry would die and all
sorts of small spies and petty griev-
ances that sometimes smolder into
dangerous flames would be absorbed
in the air. Talk is one of the safest
methods by which to commit crime.
Yet everyone has this inborn tenden-
cy to grow morbid, brooding over
some particular hobby—that is per-
haps his only. This cuts him off from
all sympathy. Just fancy the battles
the pugilists fight over and over again
through megaphones!"

"But there are plenty of people who
do not cherish resentments or harbor
dislikes to the extent you describe,"
said Mrs. Dobley. "Of course, the
masculine nature has this pugilistic
tendency. It is what causes many of
your sex to gather at prizefights. I
do not suppose you would call that
developing the spirit?"

"You women have the same idea,"
said Dobley, "when you criticize each
others' gowns and the minister's ser-
mon and the way somebody wears
her hair. It may be the pugilistic
tendency, but it exists. The first no-
ticeable motions of a baby are the
doubling up of its fists, the wrinkling
of its forehead and a forward lunge
that would be called a well-directed
jab, if it were executed by a fighter."

"Where did you learn that?" asked
Mrs. Dobley, with interest.

"I saw that in the editorial column
of an evening extra," said Mr. Dob-
ley, "but it is none the less true."

"How do you arrange the choice of
subjects to be attacked?" said Mrs.
Dobley. "I should imagine the meet-
ing would develop into disorderly
riots."

"Not at all, Mrs. Dobley. Each man
has his turn. He may take up any
pet antipathy, from boiled mutton to
Boer war. Then he is allowed his
fling with assenting nods and fre-
quent applause from the other mem-
bers. He gets warmed up to the
subject and it is surprising some of
the oratory that is put forth in this
way. Golf, bad cooking, janitors, car
conductors, restaurant waiters—all
the small pin pricks that make life
a burden sometimes are torn to
shreds by their antagonists. We en-
courage profanity, violence, expletive
and gestures. If a man wants to
smash anything he may do so, as
long as he pays for it after he is
through. Finally he is talked out.
He has hardly any feeling left on the
subject."

"I have often heard men arguing
on horse cars," said Mrs. Dobley, "but
one man never allows the other to fin-
ish what he has to say. He intro-
duces some knockdown argument
that the other man has to reply to
before he has finished his first state-
ment. If the Hammer club will do
away with this I can see a lasting
benefit in its formation."

"The Hammer club," said Mr. Dob-
ley, "will eventually reform the earth.
Talk is the safest avenue for such
emotions as hatred, spite, revenge,
jealousy and kindred feelings. The
Hammer club will offer an opportuni-
ty to its members to get in a tower-
ing rage once in awhile and tear up
things all round. People who now go
through life sputtering their irrita-
tion in public and in the bosoms of
their families will be able to repair
to the Hammer club and get in a
normal state of mind by saying all
there is to say on the subject under
the stimulus of concerted approval
freely expressed. I tell you, Mrs.
Dobley, it is a great scheme."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Dobley,
dreamily, "that it wouldn't be a bad
idea to form a woman's Hammer club,
too?"

"Every woman's club," said Dobley,
"is already a Hammer club and every
member is past master of the sledge-
only they call them sewing
classes and societies of willing work-
ers. And they may have mandolin
bands concealed behind palms and
potted plants at the meetings, but
the only popular tune on these occa-
sions is the anvil chorus. Freshington
got the idea of the Hammer club
at a meeting of the Widow's Mite so-
ciety at his sister's house in Har-
lem. He was in the back parlor and
he heard them talk, and he said that
he had discovered why women were
better tempered than men as a rule.
They did all their fighting through
their hats under the head of charity."

Saying which, Dobley removed his
reversed coat, sending a shower of
champagne corks to the floor that
had been concealed in the sleeves,
which mystic emblems, he explained
to his wife, were a part of the beau-
tiful ceremony with which he had been
installed as high wielder of the
sledge.—N. Y. Sun.

DIARY OF AN EMPRESS.

A Few Daily Notations Made by the
Dowager of the Flowery
Kingdom.

Monday—Wrote to the viceroy of
Wongho to insist upon his declaring
war with the French demons. I will
teach the bonnet women of Paris to
introduce a color that does not suit
my complexion!

Tuesday—Wired to the governor of
Bang Wang Woo to attack the czar.
Hear that the emperor of Russia in-
augurated a council of peace. As if
women could ever be at peace! A
direct insult to the sex.

Wednesday—Deposed my grandson
and upset for the fifth time the Chi-
nese constitution.

Thursday—Ordered everything for-
eign to be excluded from my domi-
nions, with the exception of poudre
de roi.

Friday—Telephoned in all direc-
tions to proclaim war against the
world. I will let them know what it
is for an empress to be in a bad tem-
per!

Saturday—Why don't I order the
viceroy of Wongho to be boiled in oil,
the governor of Bang Wang Woo to
be cut into cubes and my grandson to
be converted into human mince-
meat? Why don't I do all this? The
answer is simple enough. I feel that
I am too much of a Chinese lady!—
Cincinnati Enquirer.

"From Grave to Gay."

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch suggests
that many of the jokers will probably
get gay over the new grave-diggers'
union.

A POISON-PROOF GOAT.

Billy, the Mascot of the New York
Swallows Oxalic Acid With-
out Injury.

The bilge keels of the battleship
Massachusetts thrilled with appre-
hension a few days ago when 30 able
seamen appeared at the door of the
sick bay with William Terror, chief
goat, and announced to Dr. Byrnes
that the gentle hircine mascot was
dying. There is nothing deeper, tend-
er or stronger, says the New York
Press, than the affection between a
lone goat and the men behind the
guns. "What is the matter? What
has he done?" inquired the doctor,
leading William in by his left horn.
The 30 sailors spoke at once: "We had
mixed up a pail of oxalic acid and tur-
pentine to clean the guns, sir, and
Billy came along and eat it all up."
There were quivers in the voices and
brine in the eyes. The possibility,
nay, the certainty of losing the mas-
cot unmanned the brave fellows. They
knew well that oxalic acid is one of
the deadliest of poisons. It has pro-
duced death in ten minutes, preceded
by horrible agonies. Even their sub-
lime faith in Dr. Byrnes failed to
give hope. As for Billy, why, he
chewed a trifle harder on his tobacco
and looked demure.

"I don't think it will hurt him, boys,"
said Dr. Byrnes, after a hasty exam-
ination of the whites of William's
eyes, a glance at his tongue, a look
at his quid, and a count of his pulse.
"You may not know that turpentine
is an antidote for oxalic acid poison-
ing. While the acid taken alone
might relieve us of our old friend, his
extraordinary cleverness or luck in
taking turpentine with it will save
him. The one will counteract the
other." He took hold of William's
horn and danced Signor Capra Hircus
around the bay, first on one end, then
on the other, until Billy feigned a per-
spiration. Then he discharged him as
cured, and the 30 happy seamen car-
ried him on deck for air.

After three days, when the crew
were in easy frames of mind, Com-
mander Kossuth Niles, executive off-
icer of the ship, was transfixed with
amazement until his amazement got
tired at seeing William Terror walk-
ing on board eating a bunch of vi-
olets. He says that when the gentle
springtime comes the goat will feed
on damask roses. As to goats in gen-
eral, Mr. Niles informs me that na-
tios at sea are never lost through any
accident or design of eating rare and
wonderful curiosities, such as nails,
cartridges, sword belts, scabbards,
torpedoes, dynamite, etc, but occa-
sionally one is drowned. He relates
the story of a goat that ate a whole
box of pills, label, directions and all,
without the slightest disturbance of
his interior mechanism. Great is the
goat.

A Filipino Tartar.

Lieut. Col. H. H. Sargeant, U. S. A.,
tells many enjoyable war stories.
Once when instructing some men he
asked: "When you are on the skir-
mish line, and suddenly encounter the
enemy, what would you do?"

"Fall flat." "And what next?"

"Stay there."

On another occasion he was ques-
tioning a man respecting his absence
for six hours.

"I was chasing a Filipino an hour,
sir."

"How about the other five hours?"

"The Filipino and his friends were
chasing me, sir."—Philadelphia Satur-
day Evening Post.

Immaterial to Him.

"But," said the old man, when the
foreign nobleman expressed a desire
to marry into the family, "you haven't
told me which of my daughters you
want."

"Aw, yes, of course," returned the
man from abroad. "I aw—"

"Perhaps I should say," interrupted
the old man, "that my fortune will be
equally divided between them."

"Aw, well, in that case," answered
the man from abroad as he leisurely
puffed a cigarette, "let them draw
lots for me."—Chicago Post.

MARKET REPORT.

CHICAGO.
LIVE STOCK—Cattle, com'n 4.00 @ 4.40
Select butchers 4.85 @ 5.00
HOGS—Extra 5.75 @ 6.00
Mixed packers 5.40 @ 5.45
Mixed 5.20 @ 5.40
SHEEP—Choice 9.00 @ 9.25
LAMB—Extra 7.10 @ 7.25
FLOUR—Spring patent 3.65 @ 3.90
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red 1.14
No. 2 1.10
Corn—No. 2 mixed 42 @ 43
Oats—No. 2 mixed 27 1/2 @ 28
Rye—No. 2 47 1/2 @ 48
PROVISIONS—Mess pork 14.50 @ 14.75
Lard 15 @ 15 1/2
Choice creamery 20 @ 20 1/2
APPLES—Choice to fancy 1.50 @ 1.55
POTATOES—Per brl 1.50 @ 1.55

NEW YORK.
FLOUR—Winter patent 3.65 @ 3.90
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red 1.14
No. 2 1.10
Corn—No. 2 mixed 42 @ 43
Oats—No. 2 mixed 27 1/2 @ 28
Rye—No. 2 47 1/2 @ 48
Choice creamery 20 @ 20 1/2
APPLES—Choice to fancy 1.50 @ 1.55
POTATOES—Per brl 1.50 @ 1.55

BALTIMORE.
FLOUR—Family 3.20 @ 3.30
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red 1.14
No. 2 1.10
Corn—No. 2 mixed 42 @ 43
Oats—No. 2 mixed 27 1/2 @ 28
Rye—No. 2 47 1/2 @ 48
Choice creamery 20 @ 20 1/2
APPLES—Choice to fancy 1.50 @ 1.55
POTATOES—Per brl 1.50 @ 1.55

INDIANAPOLIS.
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red 1.14
No. 2 1.10
Corn—No. 2 mixed 42 @ 43
Oats—No. 2 mixed 27 1/2 @ 28
Rye—No. 2 47 1/2 @ 48
Choice creamery 20 @ 20 1/2
APPLES—Choice to fancy 1.50 @ 1.55
POTATOES—Per brl 1.50 @ 1.55

LOUISVILLE.
FLOUR—Winter patent 4.25 @ 4.50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red 1.14
No. 2 1.10
Corn—No. 2 mixed 42 @ 43
Oats—No. 2 mixed 27 1/2 @ 28
Rye—No. 2 47 1/2 @ 48
Choice creamery 20 @ 20 1/2
APPLES—Choice to fancy 1.50 @ 1.55
POTATOES—Per brl 1.50 @ 1.55

WIGGINS 2:19 1/2

Bay horse; 15 hands 3 inches; foaled 1893.

By ABERDEEN, sire of Kentucky Union 2:07 1/2, Dentine 4) 2:13 1/4, Alabaster
(4) 2:15, and sixty-three others in 2:30.

1st dam, ALBINA DE MER (dam of Wiggins (2) 2:19 1/2, Mabel Money Penny (2) 2:20,
her first two colts trained), by STAMBOUL 2:07 1/2, son of Sultan 2:24.

2d dam, BELLE BLANCHE, by THE MOOR 870, sire of Beautiful Bells (dam of 8 in
2:30 list), Sultan 2:24, etc.

3d dam, BELLE VIEW MAID (dam of Center 2:29 1/2), by Idol 177.

4th dam by PILOT, Jr., sire of dams of Maud S. 2:08 1/4, Jay-Eye-See 2:10, etc.

5th dam by MAMBRINO MESSENGER.

"Breed to early speed, if you want early speed." WIGGINS took his record of
2:19 1/2 and could beat 2:14 as a two-year-old. He started in six races, winning five
straight without losing a heat and was the best colt of his year—1895. Now is
the time to breed your best mares, while he stands at the low fee of

\$25 TO INSURE A COLT.

Lien retained on colt until season is paid. Grass at 10 cts. per day. Accidents
and escapes at owner's risk. For further information, address

JAMES E. CLAY,

Marchmont Stock Farm, Paris, Ky.

LORD RUSSELL.

(Full Brother to the Great Maud S 2:08 3-4.)

Sire of Kremlin, 2:07 1/4; Hustler Russell, 2:12 1/4; Russellmont, 2:12 1/4; Sea Bird, 2:12 1/4;
Lee Russell, 2:10 1/4 and nineteen others in the list.

LORD RUSSELL is out of the great brood mare Miss Russell, the dam of seven better
than 2:30; four better than 2:20, and two that have beaten 2:10. She is also the dam of five
sires of speed, among them the great Nutwood, and is the dam of four producing daughters.
Note what strong producing blood LORD RUSSELL has. He will stand at

\$25.00 to insure.

SCARLET WILKES,

2:22 1-2, Trial 2:14 1-4.)

Sire of George, 2:17 1/4; trotting 2:19 1/4; pacing; Mercury Wilkes, 2:10 1/4; Capt White, 2:16 1/4;
The Duke, 2:10 1/4, &c., three to beat 2:20 in 1899.

by Red Wilkes.

1st dam Tipsey, (dam of The Shah 2:10 1/4, Scarlet Wilkes 2:22 1/2, Glen Mary 2:25 and Glen
Wood, sire of Glen Arthur 2:14, and Gipsy B. 2:17) by Alcide; 2nd dam Mary Weaver (dam
of Don 2:22, Robin M. 2:24 1/2 and Mary B. 2:29), by Vermont Black Hawk.

SCARLET WILKES is the best disposed stallion in the country.

\$15.00 to insure.

Maplehurst, Paris, Ky., BACON BROS. & J. Q. WARD

STEPHON 20404

Is a dappled gray horse, foaled Oct. 20, 1892; bred by Jacob P. Sleight, of Lansing,
Mich.; stands 16 1/2 hands high, and weighs 1760 pounds. This is the only purely-
bred and registered Percheron stallion ever offered to the public in Kentucky.
He came from the Oaklawn Farms, owned by M. W. Dunkam, of Wayne, Ills., the
largest breeder of Percheron and French Coach horses in the world and the
owner of more prize-winners than any other breeder in France or America.

PEDIGREE:

[Recorded with pedigree in the Percheron Stud-Book of America.]

Gray; foaled October 20, 1892; got by STRADAT 7112 (2463); dam Abydos 960 (809)
by ROMULUS 873 (785); 2d dam Elise by DUKE-DE-CHARTRES 162 (721).

STRADAT 7112 (2463), by Passe-Partout (1402) out of Biche (12004) by a son of
Coco II (714).

PASSE-PARTOUT (1402) by Comet 104 (719) out of Sophie by Favori I (711), he by
Vieux-Chaslin (713) out of L'Amie by Vieux-Pierre (894), he by Coco (712).

COMET 104 (719) by French Monarch 205 (734) out of Suzanne by Cambronne.
FRENCH MONARCH 205 (734) by Ilderim (5302) out of a daughter of Vieux-Pierre
(894), etc.

ILDERIM (5302) by Valentin (5301) out of Chafon by Vieux-Pierre (894), etc.

VALENTIN (5301) by Vieux-Chaslin (713), he by Coco (712) out of Poule by Sandi.
COCO (712) by Mignon (715) out of Pauline by Vieux-Coco.

MIIGNON (715) by Jean-le-Blanc (739), etc., out of La Grise by Vieux-Pierre (883).

COCO II (714) by Vieux-Chaslin (713), etc., out of La Grise by Vieux-Pierre (883).

ROMULUS 873 (785) by the government approved stallion Romulus, son of Moreau
out of Fleur d'Epine by the government approved stallion Cheri, he by Corbon.

This horse has been shown only three times, winning first prize in each
event and in one of them there were eight other entries of different draft